

Winters

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The Safeguard.

A baby crept to his father's knee,
And was lifted up and lulled to rest,
Till the father's eyes closed, so tired was he,
And his little head fell peacefully
At ease on the ready shoulder there,
While the baby hand so soft and fair
Lay like a shield on his father's breast.
Of old 'twas said that when men drew near
To force temptation or deadly strife,
And led their way in a maze of fear,
Or periled their souls for worldly gear,
By a way unknown an angel hand
Would lead them out of the dangerous land
Into the light of a noble life.
The story is true for the world to-day;
We see no white-robed angels, miles
But out of the dark and perilous way
Where men and women forget to pray,
Into the peace of a purer land
They are led by a gentle, shielding hand—
The hand of a little, helpless child.
—Elizabeth W. Denison.

The Obstructed Track.

On a crisp night in October the wind rustled the leaves in the woods that surrounded Viola Vathek's house.
Above the fair girl who looked out of a small dormitory window shone countless stars; she might have seen Bootes and Orion had she looked up, but that night the words of heaven had no attraction for her.
She was listening to a strange sound borne from the west by the nocturnal breeze that chilled her cheek; it might have said with prophecy, a succession of sounds, for it seemed as if a number of persons were cooing wood or moving heavy timber not far away. Save this noise the night was quiet, and she heard without interruption from the window of her boudoir.
"I believe it is in Gwynne's Out," she said at last to herself. "Perhaps some villain is obstructing the track for devilish purposes. The Red Bird will soon be due, and this is Ed's trip down."
Her face grew a trifle paler as she spoke, and a moment later she stood before the ancient wall-sweeper in one of the rooms.
The moonbeams stealing in at the window fell on the face of the dial and told Viola that it was 12 o'clock.
"Twelve," she murmured. "What! Twelve o'clock, and he whistles to me at half-past! My heavens! what if the track is obstructed in the cut!"
With the last words on her lips, she turned and soon left the house.
At the gate she paused a moment and turned to look back at the house, and heard and she believed that they emanated from a spot in the cut near the cattle-guard. Then she started forward again and crossed the meadows that lay between her home and her destination.
The stars looked down on a little object that glittered like silver in Viola's hand. It was a revolver, and her fingers held it firmly. Once or twice she glanced at it as if to satisfy herself that it was there. Then she looked up with the air of determination.
She was the belle of the country she inhabited. Her father was dead, and her widowed mother and little brother of twelve, she went to the humble home won by the sweat of her father's brow.
A railway station called Beaumont was the only settlement near, and was six miles from home. She seldom went thither, for there was no society there, and she could enjoy herself better at home.
The track of iron was the making of Beaumont, for the road was new and towns were springing up all around from line. Viola could see the cars from her window, and often had she sat there until the flaming headlights of the midnight express had appeared and disappeared. An opening in the woods enabled her to see the light for a moment, and then the lighted windows of the cars.
Did the engineer know that she was watching—that his engine gave two small strokes as it reached the opening—two strokes that seemed to say "Viola! Viola!" She always smiled when she heard the sounds, and with a smile lingering on her face, or a flush, she would listen to the rumbling of the train as it sped away beyond the commercial Beaumont.
The brass of shrieks, loud and shrill, told her that engine toward the great city on the Mississippi banks. They recalled the day, one year since, when the first engine had come, and she had stopped at Beaumont, scarcely a station then.
The engineer was young and handsome. As he saw her examining the great driving wheels, and looking with wonderment upon the mighty beauties of his iron pet, he leaped to his ground.
"A pretty piece of machinery," said he to her, "and she goes like a bird." She blushed when she caught his eye, and the sound of his voice thrilled her.
Overcoming her timidity, he helped her into his cosy apartment on the engine, and explained to her the wonderful mechanism of this beautiful monster. Then he said good-by, and she saw the train pull off, and his last waving from the engine was the last thing she saw as the train disappeared around the curve.
A week later she found herself at the station talking to him again. The meeting seemed purely accidental, and no doubt it was such; but I am sure the meetings that followed it were not.
By and by Ed Gordon, the engineer, carried a picture of her, and on Viola's bureau now hangs the photographic remembrance of a face.
Thus the acquaintance at the station, during the Red Bird's trial over the new road, opened into love, and she and driving his engine towards the great metropolis.
She sat at her window oftentimes, with the lamp on the sill, and often fancied she could see him leaning from

his engine, with his eyes fixed, to catch a glimpse of her, but the train would be swallowed up in the woods again.
This life was exciting and joy to Viola; but it was passing away. The time was coming when Ed Gordon would leave the road and accept the superintendency of the company's cars.
But let me return to the October night when Viola left her home to investigate the sounds that seemed to come from Gwynne's Out.
She felt that obstructions were being placed on the track in the dismal place. Of late the company had incurred the hatred of several persons residing in the vicinity of the station, and once or twice the track had been tampered with, but fortunately to no serious extent.
The night express generally went through the cut with undiminished speed, for no obstruction had been encountered there, though the cattle-guard in the center would assist the engine.

Viola at last reached the cut, into which the mellow moonbeams fell, and paused. Something high and dark obstructed the track before her, at the very part where the cattle-guard seemed to be, and she held her breath. It was 12 o'clock when she left the house, and her walk had occupied a number of precious minutes. The shrieks of the Red Bird would soon be heard, and a moment thereafter its headlights would flash out into the cut or gorge. She saw the dark figure of a man moving about the pyramids, as if contemplating his night's work and speculating upon the death and ruin it would cause. She watched until she believed that one man had accomplished the diabolical deed, then she crept forward through the shadow of the bushes that lined the sides of the cut, until she stood within ten feet of him.

"I'll go back to the station, now," she heard him say to himself. "I can get there before the accident, and when it occurs, why I can run up there and see him under the ruins of his engine, so crushed that the doll-faced girl of his will not recognize him."
A cruel laugh rippled over his lips as he crept back from the heap of ties, several of which he had forced into the guard, where they were wedged like posts of iron. He enjoyed his own work, and viewed the work of his mad hands.
"I'll crush the Red Bird," he said, turning away, "and put him out of my path forever."
The last words, full of devil's triumph, still quivered on his lips, when Viola stepped from the shadows and thrust the muzzle of her revolver into his face.

He started back with a cry of horror and uttered her name.
"This is your revenge, Morgan Duke," she said, looking sternly in his eyes. "Now, obey my commands, or there will be a lifeless body on this track, to be mingled among the ruins of the night express. To work or no; off with your coat and remove every obstruction your wicked hands have placed here."
"The train can't be saved now," he said, and there was joy in his tones.
"It took me one long hour to obstruct the guard. In twenty minutes or less, perhaps, you'll see the Red Bird's headlights up the cut."
"Villain!" she cried, "if this track is not cleared in five minutes, I'll drive a bullet through your brain. You know what to do. I'll talk no longer."

Covered by her revolver as he was, Morgan Duke, the station master, doffed his coat and went to work.
Viola never took her eyes from him, and the silvery moon that rested over the cut showed his every movement. He was on the pile of ties, hurrying them one by one, with a strength of a man. Seemingly upon the cut, over wide range. He worked fast and clear, for he knew when the thundering train was due, and a glance at the girl on the track told him that she would surely kill him if he did not do her bidding.
Once she said to him, as he paused for breath before attacking the ties which he had driven into the cattle-guard:
"I never thought of this you, Morgan Duke. When I rejected you, I thought you would take it like a man. He replied not, but glanced at his watch.
"Half-past twelve," he said.
"To work!" was the stern command, and Viola stepped forward and brightened the moonlight on his head.
"I can't get them out," he said.
"You must," was the reply.
"I did not hear the sound."
"It was destined to be your coat," she said, and she glanced fearfully up the cut.
"Take them out!" she said, suddenly; "the train is coming. I hear it."
The villainous station master heard the rumbling and again turned to the ties.
"You have your choice," Viola said to him. "A bullet, or an unobstructed track."
She watched him as woman never watched man before. She knew that he was doing all that could be done to undo his wicked work, and while she watched, her heart grew still beneath the muzzle of the express.

"He'll soon call me," she said to herself. "There! there!"
The familiar shrieks of the cool October air, they brought no joy to her heart. She was not at all old now, but beside the light he loved to hail the first to kiss his cold brow beneath the stars at Gwynne's Out. She almost shouted for joy when she saw the first tie drawn from the guard by the desperate man.
"Quick! the sledge! break the guard!" she cried.
"God, I never thought of that," he said, and the next moment he was shat-

tering the long guard with the heavy sledge.
At that the tie was broken, and he thrust the other ties down into the long opening he had made.
At that moment the train rounded the curve, dashed into the cut, and the flashing headlights, not twenty feet away, almost blinded the eyes of the train.
Morgan Duke stepped from the track and threw himself upon the heap of ties, utterly exhausted. He saw triumph in the girl's eyes, and watched her as the train came on.
Oh! for strength to hurl her upon the track and beneath the wheels of the thundering train. Her revolver had ceased to cover him, but he could not have lifted even a child.
The train dashed by. Viola saw her lover's face for a moment, and an exclamation of thankfulness welled from her heart. He was safe, and the precious lives that he carried westward had escaped Morgan Duke's machinations.
"You're a worker, Morgan Duke," she said to him, smiling. "We will part here."
He looked at her a moment in silence.
"Are you going to tell?" he asked.
"Sure men as you are dangerous," she replied.
"Then you are going to expose me?" he asked.
"I am."
He did not reply.
They parted forever there. Morgan Duke was not caught by the sellers of the law, but justice afterwards overtook him. The iron wheels of a railway train caught him on the track.
The company presented Viola with a beautiful house, when her husband took charge of the car shops. I know that she will never regret her night in Gwynne's Out with her rejected lover.
—St. Paul Press.

An Example.

When Vidal, now one of the most distinguished sculptors of France, he came suddenly blind, he refused to credit the assertions of his physician that the terrible affliction must be a permanent one. For a while he fought the disease and the doubt with the most heroic determination; and when at last he was obliged to accept the medical diagnosis as correct, he gave in like a brave man.
"You will find," said the doctor, "that your other senses will gradually become more acute, especially the sense of feeling. If you persist in your art with half the courage and resolution that you have shown in fighting me, you will become as famous without your eyes as you would have been with them."

So Vidal, gratified and soothed, went to work, and kept to work. When after considerable practice he found that he could "see" a little with his fingers, his delight was unbounded.
"Perhaps," he said, "the good God has to give me ten eyes instead of two, and if this is so, what will I not do to deserve them?"
Time, that tries all things, and settles all things, proved that this hope was not unfounded, and it came to pass that Vidal could not only do better work than he ever did, but was a more competent critic of his neighbor's work than when he could see his eyes.
"Keep still, now," the artists say, "Vidal is about to feel my status," and this means to them everything that is correct in judgment in fighting me, Vidal's labor and experience should be a comfort to his blind brothers and sisters all over the world. Like him they should say thankfulness. Perhaps the good God will give me ten eyes instead of two.
—Religious Herald.

Happy Thoughts.

Sorrow are like thunder clouds; in the distance they look black, over our heads they hang darkly, but when they pass they leave behind them a rainbow.
The Infidel has sowed his name in the heavens in burning stars, but in the earth he has sown his name in tender flowers.
Gentleness loves toil, impediment and poverty; for from these it gains its strength, throws off the shadows, and lifts its proud head to immortality.
Gentleness which belongs to virgin is to be carefully distinguished from the mean spirit of covetousness and the leavening acid of egotism.
No man is ever good for anything until he has found two things—first, something to love, and second, something to hate.
Nothing is more amiable than true modesty, and nothing is more contemptible than the false. The one guards virtue, the other betrays it.
Mental pleasures never cool; unlike those of the body, they are increased by repetition, approved by reflection and strengthened by enjoyment.
Overburden not thy memory to make so faithful a servant thy slave. Have as much reason as a camel, to rise when thou hast thy full load.
The worstest people are the most injured by slander, as we usually find that to be the best fruit which the birds have been pecking at.

A full-blown rose "besprinkled" with the dew of rain is not so beautiful as a child blushing beneath its parent's displeasure, and shedding tears of sorrow for its faults.
Never has one person forgotten his pure, right-educating mother. On the blue mountains of our dim childhood, toward which we ever turn and look, stand the mothers who marked out to us from thence our life.
A Sherman man went to New York and staid all night at a hotel. Every body at home wanted to know, of course, what wonders he saw in the great city. He was full of enthusiasm over the subject. He spoke of several objects, and then with caution and some timidity he approached the climax of all the glories. At the hotel where he stopped they had horse-radish. And in January!—Danbury News.

One Dream Proving True.

The great handicapper at Epsom, which will be decided on Tuesday next, respecting the life of Gen. Taylor, which is not without interest to those who believe in what the learned author of the "Anatomy of Melancholy" calls "Oneirocritica" or "Divination by Dreams." On the morning of the day when the city and suburban handicapper was won by Aldrich, a little fancied outsider, it so chanced that Gen. Taylor traveled down to Epsom in company with Lord Vivian, and heard from him that he was his intention to back Lord Rosebery's horse because he had dreamed that he saw the primrose and a honeysuckle vine to victory in the race which they were on their road to witness. Acting upon this hint, Gen. Taylor took a thousand to thirty about Aldrich, and was not a little elated at the success of what he justly called "a leap in the dark." But for the accident which caused Leman, another much backed candidate for the person known as the Teacher, there is little probability that the dream of Lord Vivian would have found the interpretation upon which Gen. Taylor counted, and which is only another illustration of the dangers from which backers of horses can never hope to escape.

To the Editor of the Daily Telegraph: Sir—In your paper you introduce an anecdote relative to the dream of mine. The facts are these: I did dream, on the morning of the race for the city and suburban handicap, that I had fallen asleep in the weighing room of the stand at Epsom prior to that race, and that after it had been run I was awakened by a gentleman—the owner of the horse named Aldrich—who had appeared to me in my dream, and to him I mentioned it, observing that I could not find any horse so named in the race. He replied: "There is a horse now called Aldrich, which was previously called the Teacher, and he has won the race." To this I was awed: "As against your dream I will tell you this fact. I tried the horse last week with a hurdle jumper, and he was beaten a distance." (Afterward, the all the more terrible fact, that the horse had won the trial horse was Lowlander.)

I thanked my informant and discontinued backing Aldrich. Gen. Taylor, who had overheard what passed, of the street of a "leap in the dark" the horse again for myself, to win him £1,000 by him. This I did by taking for him 1,000 to 80 about Aldrich. Such is the true account of my dream and of Gen. Taylor's profit from it.
—London Telegraph.

What Appetite Will Do.

The private history of the war contains a good many comical illustrations of the power of a healthy appetite. Repeatedly mortal enemies fought the opposite lines met, in defiance of sentry duty, to drive a secret bargain for a "chew." The Connel Grove (Kan.) edition tells the story of private Godfrey Harts, who, during the war, "Grubby," one night when he was posted as a picket on the bank of the Rappahannock.
On the opposite shore, and perhaps one hundred feet distant, were the enemy's pickets, posted in the dark. There was no picket-shooting being done at that time, and although the opposing lines were only separated by the narrow river, they peered their "beats" in full view of each other without fear.

After "Grubby" had held his position some twenty minutes, he approached the sentry on his right and asked for a chew of tobacco, but the man, who never went to bed, was unable to supply his wants.
The sentry on his left was next interviewed with the same ill-success.
The case now began to look desperate for "Grubby," and a half yet before the relief would come. He was along his gun over his shoulder, and walked to and fro in a mechanical sort of way, the image of despair.
Presently he halted, faced quickly to the hostile shore, and called out in a subdued tone to the Confederates.
"Say, you fellows over there, have you any tobacco?"
"Yes," came the quick response.
"Will you gim me a chew if I'll come over?"
"Yes," said Johnny.
In a twinkling "Grubby" inverted his gun, thrust the bayonet in the ground, took off his clothes, and was in the water pulling for the other side. He got his tobacco, and returned to his post just in time to escape detection by an officer who rode along just then to inspect the picket line.
The writer of this was on picket duty at the same time and place, and can vouch for the correctness of the story.
—Yule's Companion.

A runaway couple from the South went to meet at Belmont, on the Iron Mountain Railway, near St. Louis. The lady came up on the train, and discovered her grandfather in pursuit of her. He was on the same train, and the lady rode past Belmont, and when three miles from the place, and the train under full headway, suddenly ran out on the platform and leaped off, marvelously escaping serious injury. She walked back to Belmont, where she met her husband who was to marry. The grandfather hurried to Belmont on the next train, but arrived too late to prevent the marriage.

Emma Abbott sings in a \$25,000 necklace, and never takes cold.
A matter of course—a horse-race.

The American Advantage.

The main advantage of the American farmer seems to lie in the cheapness with which he obtains his crop. It is somewhat surprising to find that wheat grown in the far West will pay as much freight before it can be placed in the English market as the rent charge amounts to at home. The average yield of an acre of land in England is 30 bushels against 15 in the Western States. The American farmer must therefore cultivate two and a half acres before he can sell as much produce as is grown on a single acre in England. This, however, he does at an incredibly small cost. The difference in tillage is most striking. An English farmer, accustomed to drive three or four horses painfully over a stiff clay, can scarcely imagine the ease with which a little plow runs through the rich loam of a Western State. In Northern Minnesota the Red River settlement is just being opened up. A furrow may be drawn for fifty miles across this alluvial prairie without meeting a hill, a rock, or a stone. Various estimates of the cost of labor for cultivating an acre in England, do not, however, place implicit reliance on such estimates. The American farmer, as a rule, does his own work, or the greater part of it. The amount of wages paid in actual money is comparatively small. If he cultivates 50 acres of wheat, and has growing sons, he may manage without any help except at harvest time, when he hires an extra hand for a month. If he has no family to assist him, he will probably hire a hand for all right, but since the day of the body it is remembered by the people of Sumnerhill that she evoked a marked disinclination to speak of the dead man's identity, while what little information she did give was unsatisfactory. If any of the anxious facts have led to the belief that a mistake was made in not requiring the woman to establish her relationship with the deceased, for a horrible suspicion is taking possession of the minds of all conversant with the affair, that she was either connected with the murder in some way, or was the paid agent of some Philadelphia medical college, and took this method of procuring a subject for dissection. The mystery involving the murder at present appears to be spiriting away of the corpse of the victim, have created a sensation in this region that will not be quieted for a long time.
—Cin. Gazette of May 10.

Fulfillment of a Superstition.

The story of a strange superstition, and its still more remarkable fulfillment, comes to our ears from Collamer. It appears that some little time ago, the well-beloved wife of a rich farmer named Botwick, living in that town, departed this life. Farmer Botwick had been all his lifetime an enthusiast and devoted believer in spiritualism. After his wife's death, he earnestly waited a message from the land of shades, and deferred the erection of a fitting monument over his lost love's resting place until she could designate the style and location she was partial to. In life she had been a devotee of the occult, and she could not give the desired information, until the anesthetic was fully eradicated from her system. Now comes the marvel. Farmer Botwick waited patiently for the desired message, and he waited for a long time. One day last week he made a trip to the nearest undertaker, and on paying down \$50 closed an agreement with that personage to properly inter his wife's remains. On his way home Botwick fell from his wagon and died. He was buried at Collamer on Friday last. Rev. Dr. Calthrop officiating. This is the story as told to us.
—Syracuse Courier.

Flower Statistics.—In a letter to the New York Evening Post, a writer recently gave some statistics in regard to the quantity of flowers raised in Newport, R. I., for the New York market, in which he says one florist alone has raised a hundred thousand violets, at no time sending to his customers less than four thousand a week. Another has forced eight hundred thousand lilies of the valley, and has still fallen short of the demand. It takes about three weeks to secure the flowers. On each side of the houses in which the bulbs are forced, there are long lines of beds, of from ten thousand to twenty thousand—some just started and others ready for the market. They are placed in rows of fifty, then the space of an inch is left and another row is set, and so on. The flowers are cut every morning, leave and are in New York at eight o'clock the same evening. As soon as the flowering is over, the exhausted bulbs give place to fresh ones, which undergo the same process in the flowers when first gathered, owing to their rapid growth, are limp and tender, but by immersing them for a little while in cold water they become firm and fit for market.

Some feelings are untranslatable; no language has yet been found for them. They gleam upon us beautifully through the dim twilight of fancy, and yet when we bring them close to us, and hold them up to the light of reason, lose their beauty all at once, as glow-worms, which gleam with such a spirit-light in the shadows of evening, when brought where the candles shine are found to be worms, like so many others.
—Longfellow.

The table of life is abundantly supplied. If we don't eat so fast, it will taste the better; if we don't eat too much, we shall be better nourished; if we don't snatch, there will be enough for all.
—C. G. Ames.

A man who wishes to become a medical practitioner in Germany is now obliged to pass, some time in the course of a third year study, an examination in chemistry and physics, botany, zoology, anatomy and physiology; and at the close of his studies he has to devote as much as five months to passing a final examination in the practical departments of his profession.

A new brand of cigars is called "the lottery ticket," because only one in a thousand draws.
A matter of course—a horse-race.

Mysterious Murder.

A very strange murder case is exciting this part of Pennsylvania. On Monday morning last, the body of a respectable-looking, neatly-dressed man was found lying along the track of the Pennsylvania Railroad, near North Fork, Cambria county. An examination of the corpse disclosed the fact that this man had been stabbed in no less than half a dozen places, either one of the wounds being of a nature sufficient to have caused death. A number of papers were found in his pockets in the clothing of the murdered man, from which it was conjectured that his name was Roger Bush, and that his place of residence was Cincinnati, O. The remains, at the instance of the Guardian of the Poor, were taken in charge by John Block, a Johnstown undertaker, and buried at Sumnerhill the same afternoon. On Wednesday afternoon a Western free transportation for the body to Philadelphia, and on Thursday returned to Sumnerhill and accompanied the coffin shipped to that city, accompanying it thither on the mail train, which left Johnstown yesterday (Friday) morning. While the strange woman was perfecting her arrangements for the removal of the body she was not questioned in any way, as it was thought the part she took in the transaction was all right, but since the day of the body it is remembered by the people of Sumnerhill that she evoked a marked disinclination to speak of the dead man's identity, while what little information she did give was unsatisfactory. If any of the anxious facts have led to the belief that a mistake was made in not requiring the woman to establish her relationship with the deceased, for a horrible suspicion is taking possession of the minds of all conversant with the affair, that she was either connected with the murder in some way, or was the paid agent of some Philadelphia medical college, and took this method of procuring a subject for dissection. The mystery involving the murder at present appears to be spiriting away of the corpse of the victim, have created a sensation in this region that will not be quieted for a long time.
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A Chat With the Family.

Clothing is important to protect the body from heat and cold. Different qualities of clothing are suited to different seasons and climates, and are chiefly connected with the relations of fabrics to heat and moisture. In cold weather the object is to prevent the loss of heat from the body, by conduction and evaporation; in warm weather the object is to promote this evaporation. Hence we must wear non-conductors and slow absorbers in winter, and free conductors and ready absorbers in the summer. These objections must be secured, and with this in view the fabrics must be selected. As far as consistent clothing should be light, durable and readily cleaned. Linen fabric is a good conductor, and hence favors the escape of animal heat. It also readily absorbs moisture from the surface of the body and gives it off again to the external air by evaporation. This process produces rapid cooling in hot weather. But linen should never be worn next to the skin, under any circumstances, as it has no power to prevent sudden chills. Cotton is a poorer conductor of heat than linen, and hence warmer. It does not so readily absorb moisture, and, therefore, is safer for paragonment. Cotton ranks next to linen as a fabric for summer wear. It is a much better absorber of moisture and conductor of heat than either silk or wool.

Woolen fabrics are coarse and porous, retaining within their meshes a large amount of air. Hence they are slow conductors of heat. Woolens also possess a great capacity for moisture, though they receive and discharge it very slowly. This is a valuable quality in articles of clothing. Woolen is a much better protection against cold than either linen or cotton, and much warmer when wet. Its great power to absorb moisture is a highly important property, as it regulates evaporation from the surface of the body and prevents too great loss of animal heat, an equalizer of temperature and protector of the surface against sudden chills, woolen fabrics are superior to all others, and should be constantly worn next the skin.

The color of clothing is important only in relation to solar heat. Black cloth absorbs the heat of the sun, while white cloth reflects it. But with the heat of the stove color makes no difference. The absorbing power of the garment in the sun-light depends on the shade grown brighter, and in this color, black, blue, green, yellow, white. The darker colored materials absorb more moisture than the light colored, the black absorbing nearly as much again as the white.

After all, more depends upon the manner of dressing than the materials used. The poorest material, properly worn, is better than the best improperly put on. As I have said, clothing should be light. Weight does not imply warmth, and often it becomes a source of great discomfort. Several layers of light, loose-fitting garments are safer than a few layers of heavy clothing. It is the imprisoned air more than the material which secures warmth, and hence the number of layers more than the thickness of one layer.

Again, loose clothing is warmer than that which fits the body closely. Besides, the tight-fitting obstructs the circulation of the blood, and the stomach and healthy action of the parts affected. A tight-fitting hood or night-dress obstructs the flow of blood to and from the brain; compression of the chest and abdomen is still more dangerous, as here are located the vital organs. This function of the body, especially, demands the utmost freedom of movement. Yet, under the influence of fashion, it is the almost universal practice among young women to bind down their waists, often to half their natural dimensions. Deformity is one, but not the worst result. The circulation is restricted, respiration is directly interfered with, the lungs and heart are compressed, and the stomach and liver forced out of place. The direct results are necessarily disease and premature death. This manner of dressing is nothing less than suicide. Think of this, mothers and daughters!
—Green Mountain Freeman.

CUCUMBER PICKLE.—Gather the cucumbers before the seeds are very large, pare and throw into ice-cold water for one hour; then slice as thin as possible, on a cabbage cutter; sprinkle well with salt, tie up in a coarse cloth and lay in a colander, under a heavy weight to drain over night. Next morning mix through them plenty of brown and white mustard-seed; pack in jars and cover well with cold clear vinegar. Put in a cool place. Should a white scum rise on the vinegar, draw it off and boil the skim well, or substitute other vinegar. Four over them cold. This retains the flavor of the cucumber.

BAGAN PICKLE.—Two gallons finely cut cabbage; one gallon chopped green tomatoes, twelve sliced onions, one gallon best vinegar, one pound brown sugar, half ounce tumeric powder, one tablespoonful ground cloves, quarter pound white mustard seed, one ounce celery seed, one salt, boil the whole until tender, then add spices just before putting in jars, stirring all thoroughly.

TOMATO SOUP.—Slice green tomatoes, put a little salt on them and leave them in a large dish to drain, then add half as much onions cut up, you have tomatoes; vinegar enough to keep from burning, and spices to suit the taste—aleppo, black pepper, mustard, ginger, red and black pepper; boil half an hour; when cold pour off the vinegar and add fresh.

A small spoonful of molasses added to the buckwheat makes each morning will make the cakes temptingly brown.

THE WINTERS ADVOCATE.

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Local Notices, per line, first insertion..... 10
Subsequent insertions..... .05
LOUIS WALKER, Postmaster, is our authorized agent at Woodland, and all advertisements and subscriptions may be left with him.

POST OFFICE NOTICE

Mail closes daily at the Post office at Winters, Cal., for all parts, at 2:50 P. M. Also for the North and East at 8:50 P. M. Madison and Capay at 11:30 A. M.

OFFICE HOURS.
Post office open from 7 o'clock A. M. to 5 P. M. and 7 o'clock P. M. to 9 P. M.
ON SUNDAYS,
open from 8 o'clock A. M. to 10 o'clock A. M.

Mail matter for the morning train going North and East, should be in the Postoffice the evening before.
LORENZO MOODY, Postmaster.

Bel Bros. will be our agents in Winters after our removal, and will be authorized to receive subscriptions and receipt for the same. Also, advertisements and other matter intended for publication may be left with them.

LOCAL INTELLIGENCE.

Good bye, if we don't see you again.
The weather has been lovely the latter part of this week.

Farmers from Berryessa are in town every week, trading at our stores.

Mr. Canterbury has been taking the school census of this district this week.

Republican primaries are to be held at the various precincts in the county, to-day.

Mr. Owens is building himself a house on First street, near the residence of Mr. See.

Men have been at work tightening the bolts of Patah creek bridge, this week, and otherwise repairing it.

Swimming by moonlight is now the favorite evening amusement among the masculine portion of this community.

Geo. Woods has returned from Colusa county. He has got the color in his face of a "horny fisted son of toil."

We got into a crowd of new party men the other evening, and we were badly used up before we got away from them.

The political sea has calmed down preparatory to the storm that will rage after the State Conventions are held.

Dr. Robinson, Dentist, will be in Yacaville from June 9th to 16th, and at Elmira on the 16th, to remain a few days.

Hi Benis was in town this week looking after the interests of Powers and Henderson, the Sacramento liquor dealers.

Messrs. Spaulding and Ford went up to Berryessa Valley last Saturday on a fishing excursion. They got two or three bites.

During the past week the town has been full of men waiting for harvest to commence. They are making it lively for the saloons.

If Lattrell comes up for office this year, "Silas" intends to take the stump against him, and will "make it mighty warm for the ex-Congressman."

We learn that Mrs. Wiggins, who had her arm broken last week, as mentioned in the ADVOCATE, is doing well, and will soon have the use of her arm.

Mr. O'Neil, the veterinary physician, was out with his last horse the other day, trying conclusions with Pat McGrath. Pat's little nag was too fast for the thoroughbred.

Bob Ingorsoll and R. Clark have been corresponding with each other by telegraph since the last issue of the Mail, and have agreed to "forever after hold their peace."

Town lots in Winters and Madison are offered for sale very cheap. For particulars apply to J. B. McArthur, Railroad Agent, Winters, or J. Penney, Agent at Madison.

California is clear ahead of any State in the Union as regards large crops. Just look at the crop of honest men that have sprung up lately. They are all in one party, too.

Jacob Fagua shot and killed Charles Rice at Kpxoville on Monday last. They were engaged in a quarrel over a small money matter. Fagua escaped and has not been captured.

A notice posted on the bulletin board near the Postoffice says there will be a lecture at the Methodist Church to-morrow on "Boys' Writings." We suppose the notice must be one of them.

If Beckeye township don't stir up some candidates, she is likely to be left behind when nominations are made. Announce yourselves, gents, you don't be backward in coming forward.

The heated term commenced last Saturday, and during the first part of this week the mercury marked over 100° in the shade every day. There's a land that is hotter this.

Arrangements are being made in Woodland for a grand celebration to take place on the Fourth of July. The parade of the "Horribles" will be a feature of the programme.

Politics will begin to boil as soon as the Democratic Convention is held, and by the time the Republicans make their nominations candidates will be getting scalded on all sides.

Pard Penner, of Woodland, is a prominent candidate for Assessor before the New Constitution party. If Wash Hiatt don't try to run for some office now, he will have to acknowledge that Pard has got away with him.

Mr. Kaufman has lately returned from San Francisco with a large stock of general merchandise. Their stock of summer goods is especially large, and consists of all the latest styles. The firm of Kaas & Kaufman is becoming very popular.

Democratic County Convention.

The Democratic County Central Committee held a meeting on Monday last at Woodland, and called a primary election to be held on Wednesday next, June 11th, to elect delegates to a County Convention which is to meet at Woodland, on Friday, June 13th. The test adopted was: "All legal voters who desire the success of the Democratic party shall be entitled to vote at the primaries." The Democratic party of Yolo county never had a better opportunity of nominating a ticket that will carry the county by an overwhelming majority than they will have next Friday. That they will embrace the opportunity and nominate such a ticket we have no doubt. The great majority of the New Constitution Democrats are beginning to see that the Chronicle's party has reached the highest point of its mushroom growth, and that instead of being organized for the benefit of the people, it was formed for the special benefit of the live paper. We believe that the Convention to meet on Friday next will nominate New Constitution men for the legislative and judicial offices, and that there will be an earnest effort made to use the very best material in making up the whole ticket. The idea that all Democrats who voted for the new law are already committed to the new party movement is a false one. The New Constitution Democrats will turn out largely as the primaries, as they are not willing to withdraw from the party whose principles they cherish until they are firmly convinced that justice can not or will not be done them. There is not a Democrat in this county but would like to see members of his own party elected to the various offices, provided they be good men, and until they know the party will not put up such men, there is no valid excuse for joining the new movement, and we do not believe they will do it.

SOLD AGAIN.—On Tuesday last, a rather seedy-looking specimen of the genus tramp went into a Winters saloon and tried to "sponge" a drink from the proprietor. As he looked as though he had never suffered for the want of whiskey, it was refused him and he left. He went to a barber's, got shaved and fixed up till he looked like another man, and retraced his steps to the aforesaid saloon. The proprietor, not dreaming it was the same individual he had refused such a short time before, was now so pleased with his appearance that he "stood treat" without being asked. When he found that he was sold, he started for the drug store to borrow a stomach-pump, but when he returned the fellow had gone.

SERIOUS ACCIDENT.—On Tuesday afternoon of this week, Mr. John Keny, who lives on the Antone Ranch in Solano county, fell from a lead of hay and dislocated the right arm at the shoulder. He was brought to town, and taken to the drug store of Bell Bros., where Dr. Bell re-set the joint. The efforts of two stout men were not enough to straighten the arm, as the muscles were so rigid and contracted. Chloroform was administered, and the operation was then made without difficulty.

THE DANCE.—Although the evening was a warm one, the dance given by the young men of Winters at Sackett's Hall on Friday evening of last week, was quite well attended. About twenty couples were present, and dancing was kept up until near daylight. Music was furnished by Marvin's String Band.

RUST.—We hear some complaint that the rust has made its appearance on the wheat raised in Winters and Beckeye. Hill Bros. and Wm. Sims report their crops as being quite badly affected, and others are beginning to complain. We hope no serious results will follow.

The hogs running at large in Winters are becoming a decided nuisance. Not only do they manage to enter gardens and destroy all kinds of shrubbery, but the other day a little child that was carrying home some meat from the market was attacked by a large hog and forced to drop the meat, which the hog immediately devoured. A complaint should be made against the persons owning these animals for maintaining a nuisance, if they will not keep them enclosed.

Clark says that the reason he did not send a copy of the New Constitution to his friends was that he was so busy with the proceedings as great publicity as possible, and in pursuance of that idea sent a copy to each of the other papers in the county, and stuck the copy intended for the Democrat on a post back of the Winters grave yard.

We have not heard one of our subscribers say that they did not want to take the paper after its removal, but we wish to make this proposition to those who have paid us in advance, which is not a very large number. Wait until you have received the first number of our paper after we make the change; then if you don't want it, let us know and we will return your money.

Chas. Shinn, traveling correspondent of San Francisco Bulletin, called on us this week. Mr. Shinn is making a tour of northern California, and is writing descriptions of the counties through which he passes. He devotes his attention to the agricultural sections of the country.

We were called on this week by Mr. Gee, Spaulding, senior member of the firm of Spaulding & Barto, book and job printers, San Francisco. Mr. Spaulding has been camping out in Lake county with his family for the past month, and looks as though the trip had done him good.

The New Constitution party have ordered primaries for the 14th inst., to elect delegates to a County Convention to be held on June 21st. From the poster making this announcement a person might infer that the State Convention is to make the nominations for county officers.

Mr. G. W. Hincley, who generally ships the first ripe fruit of the season from this vicinity, has presented us with a fine box of peaches from his orchard near Winters, for which we return our thanks. Mr. Hincley is shipping about 50 boxes of this fruit every day.

Letters remaining in the Postoffice at Winters, Cal., May 31st, 1879: E. H. Champion, Z. E. Hulbert, L. W. Jackson, D. Marshall. LORENZO MOODY, P. M.

Spring Fights and Burglary.

The Spring fights opened last night in grand style, and from the appearance of the contestants and the ground on which they fought, the contest was a warm one. It was after all the store and saloons had closed that the fighting took place, and the "stiffs" made night hideous with their yells. When the war was over, one of the participants went to Elliott's store and broke the window, and began trying to abstract articles from the show-case. George Thompson, who sleeps in the rear of the store, was awakened by the noise, and getting up saw the man's head inside the store, and threw a heavy iron weight at him, hitting him on the chin, and knocking him senseless. Yomack was called, and the fellow was locked up. This morning he was examined before Judge Hulse, and held to answer before the Grand Jury. He gave his name as Jas. Gallagher.

There is a report in town that the material of the Winters ADVOCATE is to be brought to Woodland in a few days and that it will be used in the publication of a paper of some sort. "Woodland Democrat," "A paper of some sort" is good, and we intend to make it a much better sort than the people of Woodland have had for some time.

E. R. Bush, County Judge, was in town Thursday. Judge Bush is a prominent candidate for the Superior Judgeship of this county before the Democratic Convention, and as he was a new Constitution man he will doubtless be nominated and elected.

On Tuesday night last, Rev. J. Naff Crawford and his wife were tendered a reception and surprise at the residence of Rev. H. C. Culton. An enjoyable evening was passed, and many were the congratulations and well wishes extended the happy couple.

THE ILLUSTRATED HISTORICAL ATLAS OF YOLO COUNTY.

We are preparing to illustrate and describe your County. The plan of this work is to represent by language and pictures its most important features, as shown in residences, farms, mills, mines, schools, churches, hotels, and business houses, which of themselves are monuments to the taste and propriety of the community in which they are situated and which no written description can portray. The illustrations are to be made from original sketches drawn on the spot by Artists of the first ability. All sections of the country will be visited, and the owners of prominent places deemed worthy of representation will be invited to have them prepared for the work. Similar works issued in other Counties have received the cordial support and generous patronage of leading citizens interested in the welfare and prosperity of their respective localities.

We have arranged for the publication in our work of the official maps of the county, thus supplying a long felt want by placing in the hands of every subscriber a copy of the map, which will be well drawn and lithographed and divided into six sections. Each section will contain six Congressional Townships and be sixteen by twenty-six inches in size. Our aim will be to spread abroad reliable information relative to your County. The work will contain a large amount of Historical, Descriptive and Statistical matter of value and interest to all residents, and will be suitable for any parlor or library, and one which all citizens may feel proud to show to their friends at home and abroad as a representation of the enterprise, business and wealth of the County.

De Fox & Co., Publishers.
Office in Excelsior Block, Woodland.

BORN.

At Buckeye, June 6th, 1879, to the wife of John H. Moody, a daughter.

THOMAS & HUNT,

Buyers and Dealers in
Grain and Wool.
OFFICE IN EXCELSIOR BLOCK,
Main Street,.....Woodland.

W. F. WOMACK,

CONSTABLE.
Licensed Auctioneer for Yolo County.
Will attend to the collection of accounts.
WINTERS, CAL.

DRESSMAKING!

MRS. JOHN WEBBER,
The Fashionable Dressmaker of Woodland, is constantly receiving from the East the latest styles of ladies' apparel, which she fits to suit all tastes. When you are in Woodland, ladies,
GIVE HER A CALL.

A Rare Chance!

PAINT AND CARRIAGE SHOP FOR SALE.
I offer my Paint and Carriage shop for sale on account of retiring from the business. Apply to
JOSEPH MURRAY,
WINTERS, YOLO CO., CAL.

FARMERS' & MECHANICS' STORE.

Main Street,.....Woodland.
CHARMAK & LEVY

Desire to inform the people that they have as large and fine a selected stock of

GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS

As can be found in Yolo county, which they will sell
As Cheap as the Cheapest.

DRY GOODS

CLOTHING DEPARTMENT

Is complete in every particular, and the goods are all new and fresh, and of the latest styles.

W. T. BELL, M. D.,
(University of Pennsylvania.)
H. R. BELL, M. D.,
(University of Maryland.)
PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS,
Office at Drug Store, Winters, Yolo County, Cal.

BELL BROS.,
DEALERS IN
DRUGS AND MEDICINES,
Perfumery, Stationery, School Books, Etc., Etc.
Main St., Winters, Cal.

W. H. ROBINSON,
DENTIST
Office and residence, BECKEY. Will be in Winters one-fourth of his time.

W. E. FIFIED,
PRACTISING PHYSICIAN,
OFFICE AT MADISON DRUG STORE. Professional calls attended with promptness, Day and Night.

DR. GEO. H. JACKSON,
SURGEON AND PHYSICIAN,
Woodland, Cal.
Office over Mack Weber's Drug Store. Residence, Second St., between Lincoln and Jackson Avenues.

W. T. LUCAS, I. D.
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Office over Mack Weber's Drug Store, Main Street, WOODLAND, CAL.

E. L. PARRAMOR, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Office at Elston & White's Drug Store. Residence, Fourth Street, WOODLAND, CAL.

F. E. BAKE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Practices in District and Supreme Courts. Office in Excelsior Block, WOODLAND, CAL.

MR. MARSHALL, J. CRAIG, W. H. GRANT,
MARSHALL, CRAIG & GRANT,
ATTORNEYS & COUNSELLORS AT LAW,
Special attention to Patent Suits and other Cases.
Excelsior Block, Woodland.

A. N. DICK,
DENTIST,
Office hours from 8 A. M. to 5 P. M. Over West of Express Office, over Webber's Store,
WOODLAND, CAL.

Prather & Hopes,
DENTISTS,
First-Class Work and Moderate Charges. Office over Bank,
MAIN STREET, WOODLAND.

R. FORRESTER,

DEALER IN
Dry Goods
—AND—
Clothing.
Main Street, Woodland.

M. C. PALMER,

AT
BOGGS' OLD STA,
KEEPS A FULL LINE

Groceries, etc. HIGHEST MARKET PRICE

PAID FOR ALL KINDS OF COUNTRY PRODUCE.

JUAN MARIA OTAGO. MR. MCLEOD.

OTAGO & MCLEOD.

Main Street, Winters,
BLACKSMITHING

WAGON WORK.

Horseshoeing a Specialty.

PENDECAST CO.,

WOODLAND,
Wish to call the attention of their friends in Winters and vicinity to the fact that they added to their stock of

BOOTS AND SHOES,

HARDWARE,
QUEENSWARE,
GROCERIES,

Are filled with all the leading staples in the market.

AN INSPECTION OF OUR STOCK WILL SATISFY THOSE WHO WANT

GOODS AT LOW FIGURES.

FURNISHING GOODS,

HATS, ETC.
Which they are prepared to sell as cheap as any house in the country.

GIVE US A CALL.

marls.

SPRING AND SUMMER

ANNOUNCEMENT.

We beg to call the attention of the Trade to the Large Stock of

GENERAL MERCHANDISE

Which we have just received. Consisting in part of

ALL THE LATEST NOVELTIES IN

DOMESTIC AND FOREIGN

DRY GOODS,

FANCY GOODS,

HOSIERY, ETC.

These Lines will be found complete in every respect, and qualities to

suit all Classes.

OUR LINES OF

CLOTHING,

BOOTS & SHOES,

HARDWARE,

QUEENSWARE,

GROCERIES,

Are filled with all the leading staples in the market.

An Inspection of our Stock will Satisfy those who want

GOOD GOODS AT LOW FIGURES.

HARLING, LOWRY & CO.

OCCIDENTAL HOTEL,

CORNER ARBY AND RAILROAD STREETS, WINTERS.

D. P. EDWARDS, Proprietor.

HAVING TAKEN POSSESSION OF THIS Favorite Hotel, I am now prepared to offer to the resident and traveling public

FIRST CLASS BOARD,

Large and Well Furnished Rooms

By the Day or Week.

THE TABLE

Will at all times be supplied with the best the Market affords.

NO CHINESE COOKS EMPLOYED.

MILLINERY.

MRS. FITZGERALD.

FASHIONABLE MILLINERY

STORE.

COR. MAIN AND FIRST STREETS, WINTERS.

Has lately returned from San Francisco with a splendid stock of all the latest styles, which she will sell very cheap. She invites every one to call and examine her goods.

PARKER HOUSE,

RAILROAD ST., BET. MAIN AND RUSSELL, WINTERS.

FIRST-CLASS ACCOMMODATIONS

At Reasonable Rates.

AT THE BAR

CAN ALWAYS BE FOUND THE CHOICEST

WINES, LIQUORS, AND CIGARS.

F. B. CHANDLER,

DEALER IN

LUMBER,

AND ALL KINDS OF

BUILDING MATERIAL.

ELMIRA, SOLANO CO., WINTERS, YOLO CO., and

MADISON, YOLO CO., CALIFORNIA.

All our stock purchased direct from the manufacturers.

WINTERS

LIVERY AND FEED STABLE,

Main St., Winters, Yolo Co.

BOWEN BROS., Props.

may 10-11

I. A. BUTZ,

Merchant Tailor.

Opposite Craft Hotel,

WOODLAND.

GOOD FITS GUARANTEED.

Charges moderate—All work warranted.

Hawk-Eyebrows.
There is one thing to be said in favor of the strawberry short cake; the berry department of the cake is never half so thin as the jokes that are made about it.

Doctor Dio Lewis declared, in an official paper, that the only trouble with women's shoes is that the soles are too narrow. There is one greater trouble than that. The price is too broad.

Our brethren of the Southern States can't mend their own leaves, nor build their own railroads, nor take care of their own sick; but they can build more Confederate monuments in a month than we of the North could pay for in a year.

There is no need for us to despair of the reformation of Turkey. The Turks are learning to work. Five of them were thrown into the water by the capsize of a boat in the Bosphorus, the other day, and two of them were worked like Trojans to get ashore.

Edward P. Ingersoll, D. D., is one of the contributing editors of the *Church Union*. He is not a brother of the famous Robert, and it worries him awfully to have good people, who are introduced to him at socials, look shocked and hold up both hands in silent horror when they hear his name.

They say that profanity was not known in the world until one day, somewhere about five hundred years before the Christian era, when Aristotle, chasing from his office in desperate haste to catch the last street car, was stopped by Themistocles, who wanted to tell him how the rheumatism had been troubling him nearly all winter and how many things he had tried for it.

Some Indian mounds, supposed to be three or four thousand years old or so, were recently opened near Beloit, Wisconsin, and the first thing the excavators dug out, were a couple of railroad passes, and an autograph album. Thus we see the early dawn of remote civilization mingles with the gray shadows of the sons that—of the sons—the sons—the gray shadows of the sons. Sons. Gray shadows of the sons.

We think Canada is getting ready for annexation. Some of the papers over there talk about Lorne for the President, so uniformly respectful and supremely courteous, you know. One of our provincial exchanges gives the governor many old lightening bolts, a column, just because he doesn't play cricket any better. Now, we consider it President Hayes' crowning glory that he never belonged to a base-ball club.

"The first Napoleon," remarked Mr. Middleber, "introduced into France the manufacture of beet sugar, and it is to-day an important branch in our own country." "Yes," said Master Middleber, in a subdued tone of contentment, "I tasted some of it to-day." "Tasted some of what?" inquired his father, sharply. "Beet sugar," said the boy, wearily, and then he drew closer to the table and ate more specifically on the edge of his chair. And silence fell on the family like a fog.

The king of Burmah is only twenty years old and has been on the throne but four months. He was one candidate among twenty, all of royal blood, and he was successfully "counted in." But all the same, no man in all Burmah dares call him a "king." And the only members of the opposition who intimated that he held a seat that rightfully belonged to another, are wearing wrought-iron jewelry in a stable not far from the palace. When a man gets himself elected President of an Oriental kingdom there is no subsequent nonsense about going behind the returns. What is the use of being a President if you can't claim the implacability of the man who says you're not?

A young friend up in Marshall county sends us a funny paragraph, to which he affixes the nom de plume "Artemus Ward." Now, it may be that we are lacking in reverence. We have sometimes feared as much, and have sometimes heard of it. But we have seen the war path, forgotten my own, and been compelled to write home to my wife to ascertain what it was. I have sometimes been introduced to a gentleman, and then, before he could get through with the customary introductory remark about the weather, or how I liked the town, I have found myself wondering, wondering, wondering until my head ached, what under the sun was that man's name. Since my return to my own peaceful fireside—I forget, this isn't the fireside season—I mean, to my own protecting fly screens, I have, or rather, the members of my family have, been endeavoring to discover in a frenzied search for Locke Nichols, evidently committed to me for the insertion of "an autograph." These albums possess the peculiarity of all autograph albums. They contain the names of all people, save those of their owners; and I, wretched man that I am, I was not where I got them. If the confiding people who sent me their albums, trusting to my early promise to leave them with the hotel clerk, will please send me their names and addresses and a precise description of their respective albums, I will return them, if I do not forget about it. How heavily my guilt weighs upon me, when I don't feel any lighter in the morning, I will take it to the grocery and have it weighed, and sell it to some traveling doctor for the boss tumor. Extract from the Diary of a Reformed Lecturer.

Concerning Diamonds.
It is not generally known that there is in Georgia an immense ledge, the form of which is commonly called a diamond, which is the matrix of the diamond. It is described by Mr. M. F. Stephenson, in his book, now almost out of print, on "The Mineralogy and Geology of Georgia." It extends for many miles. A few splendid diamonds were found there years ago by gold-washers, who were ignorant of what they found. Some of these were cut in England and set in jewelry, but most of them were lost. They were of weight from two to six carats, and three are remembered which were of large size. One of these was broken up by the miners to learn the cause of its luster. Another was found for years by the boys in playing marbles. By far the largest one was lost by a Dr. Lloyd, who was employed to oversee the miners, and was one day working in the pit in the place of a sick hand. He says that about two hours before sundown, while employed in raising gravel, he picked up a stone "which was bright and shiny only on one side, the other sides being covered with a crust of brown stuff. It was about the size of a guinea egg. He hid it in a pocket on a bank under a gum tree, intending at night to show it to his wife and children as the largest of the 'pretty stones' which had been found. But he forgot all about it. Twelve years later he learned from experts who took his description that his 'pretty stone' was a diamond, which, if pure, must have been worth about twenty-five millions of dollars.

The Koh-i-noor and the Mogul are two of the most notable diamonds in the world. The first, as is well known, belongs to Queen Victoria, by the conquest of Punjab in India, who, to gratify a caprice of her own, has quite destroyed its historic value. It was found four thousand eight hundred and seventy-two years ago (this date is simply verified), and when cut by Indian lapidaries, weighed only one hundred eighty-six and a half carats. If honestly put it would have been worth thirty million dollars. But by taking off slabs from the facets of a hundred carats they reduced it to a value of three millions. Afterwards the queen, not being satisfied with the Indian cut, had the stone recut by Amsterdam lapidaries, who produced one hundred and ten and a half carats, and of course totally obliterated its historic shape. She still values it at three millions, when, by the laws of the Mogul, it is worth half that price. It is only in the flexible sandstone that the diamond is found in any country, because the earth's temperature, when that rock receives its present form of crystallization, was necessary to crystallize carbon.

For five thousand years this rock was found only in Goleogdia. But in 1727, when these old mines were re-worked, after having been idle for seventy-five years, they yielded from one thousand to one thousand six hundred ounces per year. They are now abandoned. The mine of Bagdad, which produced in the last hundred and forty years two tons of diamonds, besides the vast number stolen. Agassiz thus explains the long mooted question of the origin of diamonds: These silicate sandstones, which is the matrix of the diamond, was one of the first sediments deposited in a quiet, deep-sea bed, long before the existence of animal or vegetable life on the globe. This formation, with the contemporaneous strata, was upheaved by volcanic force, and changed to its present highly crystallized condition; the carbon was liberated, and by segregation and affinity, crystallized into the diamond, being in greater or less size, according to the amount of carbon within reach of its affinity or power of attraction. Four-fifths of all the diamonds found in any country are less than a carat. Rarely all the yield of Bagdad, we found more than three or four very large diamonds, and never more than ten that weighed more than thirty carats. It is a vulgar error to suppose that to be pure the diamond must be found deep in the ground. The use of diamond dust for cutting and polishing was unknown till 1475. In this way the artists can now polish the natural facets, and also create new ones, and thus increase the brilliancy of the stone. In Persia alone the diamond is held second to the emerald. The diamond was not known to the Greeks or Romans until the Augustan age. The Adamantine Chalice in Hierapolis, pictures of Prometheus bound and his iron finger ring prove the adamant of the early Greeks to have been nothing but hardened steel. The Romans never obtained any diamonds above three carats, by reason of a strict law in India against the exportation of any over that weight. All over ten carats reverted to the crown. The diamond can be broken. It is crystallized in thin layers, which are cleavable parallel to the planes of the octohedron, or eight equal facets. The carat originated in the seed of a berry used in the East Indies in the sale of diamonds, and was used for several thousand years as the unit of weight. The rule of lapidaries for determining the value of perfect diamonds is to square the weight in carats, and multiply the product by \$50, the price of one carat. This they follow until the weight reaches thirty carats. At that point the price is arbitrarily raised to \$400 per carat. But if much under three carats, the price is rapidly lowered, and only commands \$10 per carat. The uncrystallized diamond is not fit for use, for polishing, and in times of peace for engraving are but seventy-five cents to one dollar per carat.

This is the diamond rule: A carat, for convenience, is allowed to be four grains. If you have a first-rate diamond of ten carats it will be computed thus: 10x10=100x50=\$5,000. If a diamond of 800 carats it will be 100x100=10,000x50=\$5,000,000. Washington Post.

An intelligent school girl, by name Eva Schelemmer, of Memphis, Tenn., received a gold medal from the Howard Association for meritorious services performed in the midst of the pestilence which raged last summer and which were unremitting from the beginning to the close.

Coiffures remain low,

SAN FRANCISCO MARKET.
Flour—Exports for the week embrace barrels to Liverpool and 900 to the Hawaiian Islands. Receipts include 700 half sacks and 3,898 quarter sacks from Oregon. Receipts from all quarters embrace about 10,000 quarter sacks. The next China steamer will export a moderate cargo. The demand is tight both for export and local consumption and under large supplies the market is firm. We quote, Superfine common, \$3.75; extra, \$4.00; superfine, \$4.25; extra superfine, \$4.50; Oregon, good to choice, \$4.75 to \$5.00.

Wheat—Exports for May embrace 10,000 barrels with about 225,000 cents, a very large movement for this month, when stocks are unusually reduced by almost nothing. There are few or seven ships loading, or rather nearly loaded, which will get off early next month and take, say, 750,000 cents more, running the outward movement up to about 100,000 cents, or a little less than 200 cents, and making the difference in values less than half a million dollars. We still have from half to three-quarters of a million cents surplus in the State, mostly of grade or merely fair shipping. It is pretty sure to go over on next week's account. The prospect for the new crop is very good, and we are safe in saying the State will market a greater amount of wheat in 1892 than in any previous year. Crop prospects in the West are good and Europe will be no worse than she has been this year. As the market is so quiet, it will be about as much bread for next year as there has been for the one just closing, and it would not be safe to speculate on a very different market.

We quote superfine, \$1.40; \$1.50; fair to choice, \$1.55; \$1.60; \$1.65; \$1.70; \$1.75; \$1.80; \$1.85; \$1.90; \$1.95; \$2.00; \$2.05; \$2.10; \$2.15; \$2.20; \$2.25; \$2.30; \$2.35; \$2.40; \$2.45; \$2.50; \$2.55; \$2.60; \$2.65; \$2.70; \$2.75; \$2.80; \$2.85; \$2.90; \$2.95; \$3.00; \$3.05; \$3.10; \$3.15; \$3.20; \$3.25; \$3.30; \$3.35; \$3.40; \$3.45; \$3.50; \$3.55; \$3.60; \$3.65; \$3.70; \$3.75; \$3.80; \$3.85; \$3.90; \$3.95; \$4.00; \$4.05; \$4.10; \$4.15; \$4.20; \$4.25; \$4.30; \$4.35; \$4.40; \$4.45; \$4.50; \$4.55; \$4.60; \$4.65; \$4.70; \$4.75; \$4.80; \$4.85; \$4.90; \$4.95; \$5.00; \$5.05; \$5.10; \$5.15; \$5.20; \$5.25; \$5.30; \$5.35; \$5.40; \$5.45; \$5.50; \$5.55; \$5.60; \$5.65; \$5.70; \$5.75; \$5.80; \$5.85; \$5.90; \$5.95; \$6.00; \$6.05; \$6.10; \$6.15; \$6.20; \$6.25; \$6.30; \$6.35; \$6.40; \$6.45; \$6.50; \$6.55; \$6.60; \$6.65; \$6.70; \$6.75; \$6.80; \$6.85; \$6.90; \$6.95; \$7.00; \$7.05; \$7.10; \$7.15; \$7.20; \$7.25; \$7.30; \$7.35; \$7.40; \$7.45; 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